UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

The Last Puritanism

An Appraisal of the Oxford Group Movement

By Hugh Stevenson Tigner

While the Bombs Drop - *Stanton A. Coblentz*

Is Unemployment a Modern Problem? - - - - - - *Frederic James Dennis*

My Russian Impressions, Part III - - - - - - - - *Rabindranath Tagore*

The Study Table

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

A Significant Event

The Reverend Dr. Frederick N. Eliot, minister of Unity Church, St. Paul, Minn., national leader in religious education, and author of textbooks on religion, has been nominated to the presidency of the American Unitarian Association, central executive body of Unitarian churches in the United States and Canada.

Election of the President will take place in May in Boston at the annual meeting of the association, attended by delegates from both countries. If elected, Dr. Eliot will succeed the Reverend Dr. Louis C. Cornish of Boston, president since 1927, who recently announced that he would not be a candidate for another term.

The Reverend Dr. Palfrey Perkins, minister of historic King's Chapel in Boston, oldest Unitarian church in America, was nominated to the secretaryship of the association board, a new, volunteer unpaid position. Parker Marean of Boston was renominated treasurer of the association.

Nominated to serve with Dr. Eliot as administrative vice-presidents were the Reverend Dr. Charles R. Joy of Boston, the Reverend Dr. George F. Patterson of Seattle, Wash., who has, for the past two years, represented the association on the Pacific coast, and the Reverend Everett M. Baker, minister of the Westminster Unitarian Church in Providence, R. I. Dr. Joy, however, does not accept the nomination.

Special interest attaches to Dr. Eliot's nomination, as he was chairman of the Commission of Appraisal of the American Unitarian Association, which made a thorough two-year study of organized Unitarianism and recommended several changes in organization and policy. The work of this commission, with its report, entitled "Unitarians Face a New Age," is said by church authorities of various denominations to be one of the most searching self-examinations made by any religious movement, comparable to "Rethinking Missions."

Dr. Eliot is now secretary of an interim commission of "planning and review," which, with association

(*Continued on Page* 218)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CXVIII MONDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1937 No. 11

WORDS FOR SIR BASIL ZAHAROFF

[This poem by the brilliant playwright, Maxwell Anderson, was originally published in F.P.A.'s Herald Tribune column, The Conning Tower. Zaharoff, lately dead, was the great munitions merchant once described by Mr. Holmes as "the wickedest man in the world."—Editors.]

Where is the grave of Sir Basil Zaharoff,
Where may the bones of the old man lie,
Within what borders, under what far-off
Trim God's acre look up at the sky?

Hide the spot well, you sextons and keepers,
Carve obscurely his epigraph,
For the earth about him is thick with sleepers
Dead but to profit that cenotaph.

Lap him in lead; let the groins and girders
Jointing the marble be bronze and steel
Where he lays him down with his million murders,
Hated by inches, from head to heel.

Picket the night, lest a ground swell rising
Along the numberless cross-marked mounds
Vomit the forms of his dead, devising
Spectral, a spectral fox and hounds;

Basil Zaharoff, with fox mustaches
Blowing back toward a storm of ghosts,
Flying forever the hate that lashes
Quenchless from these pursuing hosts;

Seen by night, when the long lights blind him,
Torn by the hedges, wet with the rains,
With his million dead in cry behind him,
His whiskers blowing, leaping the lanes.

Weight him with granite, Sir Basil Zaharoff,
Dig him in thoroughly, set him deep,
Secret, silent, alone and afar-off—
But his dead will find him; he shall not sleep.

—MAXWELL ANDERSON.

DEMOCRACY DEAD IN SPAIN

Determined, and in certain cases dangerous, attempts are being made to get this country involved in the Spanish war. Not only are unscrupulous business men seeking to ship goods for profit from the blood of Spaniards, but liberals and radicals who ought to know better are undertaking to send men and supplies to the Loyalists. Mention has already been made in these columns of the action of the Socialist Party of New York in raising a regiment to fight on the Madrid front. The plea for such intervention is always based on the alleged fact that democracy is fighting for its life in Spain. We must go to war again, in other words, to make the world safe for democracy! But it is time that it was known that this plea is as specious in the case of Spain as it was in the case of the World War a generation ago—to which it may be added that, even if the plea were sound, it would still be true that democracy cannot be saved but only destroyed by war! But there *is* no democracy in Spain today. However it was in the beginning of the civil war, when democratic forces rushed to defend the republic from the monarchist-militarist rebellion, the situation now is only that of an out-and-out fight between alien interests, Fascist and Communist, which have nothing even remotely to do with the interests of the Spanish people. There comes to hand the statement of William P. Carney, Madrid correspondent of the New York *Times*, recently returned from Spain. He says:

> "Perhaps most of you have been led to believe that a war between Fascism and Democracy is being fought in Spain. But I can assure you that however Fascist General Franco may be, he is not opposed in this war by politically impartial-minded, democratic anti-Fascists. Americans whose sympathies are with the Leftist Popular Front government in Spain because they believe it upholds purely democratic ideals have been purposely misinformed and misled by subtle Communist propaganda."

Speaking of the Popular Front government, Mr. Carney declares that the various groups concerned "are united only by a common desire for the establishment of a proletarian dictatorship . . . a rule by force." Such a dictatorship may be preferable to a Fascist regime—we believe unreservedly that it is! But we are pleading here for honesty in this matter of participating in a foreign war. If people wanted to go to war in 1917 to help England thrash Germany, well and good—but we believe they should have said so, and not talked hypocritically about democracy and civilization and a "war to end war." So, today!—if people want this country to intervene in a fight between Communism and Fascism, let them say so. But let them not try to fool us again by pleading for democracy. Democracy never appeared in the World War, and she perished in Spain months ago.

THE AUTOMOBILE STRIKE

We would be able to see a good deal more clearly in this automobile strike if labor itself were seeing clearly. But when a strike of workers is openly and flatly opposed by the American Federation of Labor, when workers by the thousands organize not company unions but "alliances" of their own to protect their interests against the strikers, when a group of sit-down strikers in the Pontiac factory are rushed by their own comrades and thrown out of the building, we confess we get confused. All we can think of is what a horrible mess we make of this labor business anyhow. Look at the situation! After a long depression business suddenly picks up again. Instantly prices begin to rise and the cost of living goes steadily up and up. Then, as recovery continues, a shower of dividends begins to fall on lucky stockholders. Then comes Christmas, and a flood of bonuses to officers and executives. And what happens to wages? In some cases they are boosted a bit, but in general the scale is set only as high as the employer is forced to set it. The point is that there is no necessary relationship between wages and profits, nor between wages and the mounting cost of living. What is worse, if labor is dissatisfied, whether rightly or wrongly, there is absolutely no means of handling peacefully, constructively, judicially a clash of opinion, based upon a conflict of interest, as between capital and labor. This means that labor has to fall back upon its own raw, naked power, and drive an issue in terms of force which should be settled in terms of reason—with the constantly recurring result of war which threatens life and property, and destroys all basic civil rights! Such a condition, now continued through decades, is a disgrace to our so-called civilization. It is an outrage alike upon the workers and upon the public generally. It raises the query as to how we can expect to get rid of war between the nations, when we cannot even keep peace in a factory.

THE BULWARK OF OUR LIBERTIES

UNITY has never had any sympathy with attacks upon the Supreme Court. The "nine old men," as they are irreverently called by contemptuous liberals—the oldest of them, by the way, being Mr. Justice Brandeis, as the oldest used to be Mr. Justice Holmes!—so far from being the imprisoners of our hopes, are, as a matter of fact, the bulwark of our liberties. There lies nothing between ourselves and tyranny but the Constitution, and this Constitution is alone protected and guaranteed by the Court. The truth of all this was impressively illustrated a fortnight ago by the unanimous decision of the Supreme Court in the so-called Dirk de Jonge case. De Jonge was a Communist in Oregon who had been arrested for speaking at a meeting called by Communists of that state to protest police activities in a seamen's strike. The meeting was peaceable and for a lawful purpose. De Jonge said nothing which was not proper. Yet because he was a Communist and speaking under Communist auspices, he was arrested and sentenced to seven years in prison under the criminal-syndicalist law of the state. The case was appealed, and conviction finally affirmed by the highest court of Oregon. Then appeal was taken to Washington, with the result that a unanimous Court, speaking through the Chief Justice himself, has quashed the conviction on the ground that it was in open and flagrant violation of the civil liberties guaranteed to the citizens by the Federal Constitution. If De Jonge was rightly punished, says the Court in effect, then freedom of speech and of public assembly has no security in this existence. Such freedom may be taken away at the whim of officials and by the intransigence of courts. But the Constitution declares that freedom shall *not* be taken away —and the Constitution must stand! Thus have the "nine old men" gone to the relief of the people of a so-called liberal state, and given them protection against tyranny masquerading under law. Let this be remembered by New Dealers and radicals generally when next they are tempted to denounce, and even to destroy, the Supreme Court. This Court is no chain upon our limbs. On the contrary, it is the only bulwark that we have for liberty.

THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

Of the inside situation at the University of Wisconsin we have known little and therefore can say nothing. But we would record here our sense of the disaster which has befallen one of the greatest institutions of learning in this country. From such disaster the University should have been protected by its President, its Regents, the Governor of the state, and its alumni generally. It seems incredible that any such situation should have been allowed to come to such an exhibition of antagonism and bitterness—we cannot conceive, for example, of such a thing ever happening at Harvard! That the mess was actually in the end poured upon the public, with hearings, speeches, quarrelings, student riotings, and mob hysteria generally, means gross mismanagement, and personal pride usurping the place of dignity and high responsibility, on one side or the other, or on both. We cannot see but what the two chief figures concerned, President Frank and Governor La Follette, came out of the fray with reputations sadly damaged. As for the University, it lies figuratively in the dust.

One good, however, was produced by this episode, and that was the letter of President Conant, of Harvard. To the immediate situation the Harvard head contributed much in his suggestion that the Wisconsin Regents as well as the President himself were on trial for competency. But he contributed even more to the whole general problem in his clear demarcation between the status of professors in a college and the status of administrators. Here is a new and immensely clarifying idea in this sorely troubled field of college administration. It is to be hoped that President Conant will go to Wisconsin when the present rumpus is over and survey and report upon this great issue. It is high time, we think, that there came an end to these constantly recurring college rows. We should suppose that educators would blush with shame at such repeated exhibitions of dissension, recrimination, and intolerance. The campus is beginning to take on the semblance of the Kilkenny Fair. Clear minds and strong hands should get to work.

THE HAZARD OF FLYING

The airways companies are clever with their figures. They can show that you can travel on an average millions of miles and hundreds of days and not have an accident. But what does this avail when your machine runs head on into a mountain? And speaking of figures, public records show that in December and January twenty-three persons were killed in twenty-four days. Balance this total against the comparatively small number of persons flying on these days, and you have got an average calculated to "make each individual hair to stand on end, like quills upon the fretful porcupine." The fact of the matter is that flying, in its very nature, is dangerous. The very phrase, "heavier-than-air machines," tells the whole story. If anything happens to a train, it can stop; if anything happens to a boat, it can float. But if anything happens to a plane—well, you can "bail out," if you have the nerve, but the plane can only drop, or "pancake," or crash to earth. Also, the plane must maintain speed. The train can slow up the moment the signals indicate trouble; the steamship reduces to half or quarter speed if the air is foggy or the storm severe. But no conditions can halt the flyer. He must rush on into darkness or snow, or among the mountain peaks, until he can find some landing field to save him. And all because the aeroplane cannot maintain itself in its own medium. Until this condition is overcome, the hazard will remain. In spite of all the development of travel in recent years, flying still remains conspicuously in the field either of adventure or of war. The stunt flyer can still make the front page, and in war the winged pilots control the most terrible machine ever devised for human slaughter. It seems a tragedy that the devoted Wright brothers should in the end have succeeded only in adding one new circus act to man's repertoire of wonders, and one new weapon to his armory of death.

A CONSISTENT CHRISTIAN BELIEVER

The death of J. Gresham Machen should not go unnoticed in these columns, which have more than once recorded and acclaimed his courageous fidelity to the orthodox faith of Christianity. We doubt if Dr. Machen's religion and ours met at any one point. We are on the liberal, perhaps the extreme left liberal, side, whereas Dr. Machen was so far on the orthodox right that he left Princeton and founded his own theological school, and finally abandoned Presbyterianism and established his own church. But what we liked about him were his sincerity and truth as matched by the equivocations and compromises and cowardly evasions of those who pretend to believe in the creeds which they have long since inwardly repudiated but will not throw away. Dr. Machen saw a rigorous alternative which also seems clear to us—either you believe the Christian dogmas, or you don't! If you believe them, it must be in terms of "the faith once delivered to the saints," for dogmas in the nature of the case do not change. If you don't believe them, then you must not repeat them and reinterpret them as though words no longer mean what they say, but throw them away and confess yourself frankly an unbeliever. We knew Machen as a young man, and admired his brilliancy and scholarship. We received a letter from him some years ago congratulating us on some theological statement of extreme radicalism, and stating that his position and ours were alone consistent with perfect truth. We think he was right. There is no half-way in this business of religion. And it is because most religionists are half-way and never thoroughgoing that they cast Christianity into the contempt of honest men. Dr. Machen was the last true Calvinist. He was clear-sighted, courageous, consistent. We like the tribute paid to him in the *New Republic* by Pearl Buck, whom he forced out of the church:

> "We have lost a man whom our times can ill spare, a man who had convictions which were real to him and who fought for those convictions and held to them through every change in time and human thought. There was a power in him which was positive in its very negations. He was worth a hundred of his fellows who, as princes of the church, occupy easy places and play their church politics and trim their sails to every wind, who in their smug observance of the conventions of life and religion offend all honest and searching spirits."

Jottings

A news commentator surmises that Hitler's Spanish policy is likely to "shrink world sympathy for the German cause." If this commentator's surmise is correct, then we will have to imitate the mathematician and interpret Germany in —0 quantities.

The sit-down strike in American industry is frequently compared with Gandhi's sit-down demonstrations in India. But Gandhi's followers sat down on the public highways, whereas American and French workers sit down in privately-owned factories. We wonder—does this make a difference?

Trotsky must feel like Philip Nolan, "the man without a country." Or has he found a country in Mexico?

A peculiarly savage murder case in New York City was accompanied in the same newspaper by a dreadful story of an aeroplane disaster and the usual daily dozen of automobile deaths. To what extent is the casual slaughter of human beings in our machine civilization so lowering popular sensibilities as to make murder easy?

"Commodity prices continue strong," says a financial news letter. Oh, Yeah? "Strong"—that is, high! Bread more costly, meat too expensive to buy, house rent up, the standard of living down, *down.* And this is what we call in this country "recovery," or the return of prosperity.

Scientists have discovered that Scotland is drifting westward. It has actually moved seven hundred feet in seventy-two years. This ought to please the Scotch—all this transportation free!

J. H. H.

While the Bombs Drop

STANTON A. COBLENTZ

When I glance out over the gory records of recent years, and forward to a perhaps still more gory future, the thing that most appalls me is not the bloodshed and destruction of so-called civilized wars, ghastly though that has been. The thing that horrifies me utterly is the impotence, the inertia, the relative indifference of the great masses of men in the face of a situation of unparalleled menace. And by this I do not refer to anything directly connected with the political situation of the nations; I do not refer to the race in armaments, nor to the fact that great powers like Germany and Russia are ranged against one another with bristling swords; nor am I even thinking of the development of more potent land armaments, more destructive guns, more efficient tanks, and more deadly poison gas. All these are terrible enough, but there is a further threat which, it seems to me, transcends all others. It is too little realized, though the fact is daily before our eyes, that recent years have developed a weapon which has not only expanded but revolutionized warfare; a weapon which has rendered many of the great cities of the earth vulnerable to attack, which has obliterated the distinction between warriors and civilians, which has cancelled the century-old immunity of women, children, and the aged to armed assault, and has already made the wholesale slaughter of the innocents an accomplished fact among some of the foremost peoples of this planet.

It was with an incredulous gasp, during the World War, that we learned of the bombing of London from the air. But the incredulity has long since vanished as we have watched the bombs dropping over the plains of Manchuria, over the villages whence terrified Ethiopians have run shrieking, and among the streets of Madrid, where small boys and girls have been killed at their play, and mothers have been torn to bits as they stood in line to procure milk for their babies. Certainly, here were outrages to set the world afire with indignation. Here were crimes before which, one would have thought, every atom of humanity in the breasts of all the millions of the earth's citizens would have cried out in protest; here was a menace, a challenge to our fundamental rights as human beings; here was the flaunted triumph of those lords of terror against which mankind has been battling for thousands of years,—a return of blackness and chaos. Who could have pictured to himself the dire results of the bombing raids and not been moved? Who could have heard in imagination the ominous zooming of the airplanes without being stirred?—the sudden thunderous detonations of exploding shells, the crash of collapsing buildings, the shrieking and moaning of the mortally wounded? Who could have seen without emotion the pavements spattered with blood, the three-year-olds with their hands, their legs, their heads shot off, the powder-blackened and writhing men and women, blinded, disembowelled, or blown to rags of raw bleeding flesh? And who, as he gazed upon these horrors with an inner vision, could have failed to cry out to himself, "Here is a promise for the

future! Here is the advance signature of coming wars! Widen the stage a hundred times, a thousand times; multiply the victims until their wailings resound from sea to sea, and you will have a glimpse of what the nations are planning for themselves tomorrow!"

Such, one would suppose, would be the normal reaction of any percipient being. And indignation, one would expect, would arise in a great wave; all over the earth it would make itself vocal. "War in the air must stop!" would be the impassioned cry; and such would be the strength and the universality of that demand that statesmen, militarists, and makers of armaments would have to bow their heads and yield. For only thus could man be protected against a destroyer more savage than tidal wave or conflagration.

Instead, however, what have we heard? Some isolated protests, it is true; some expressions of regret; some occasional words of sympathy for the sufferers. But where is that tremendous outcry of wronged humanity? Where is the self-protective shout of the menaced millions? Where is the determined, world-wide demand, "This outrage must not be!" Apparently the new methods of warfare are taken for granted! Apparently they are already regarded as permissible—or, if not permissible, as inevitable—and despair has silenced the tongue of courage. Or else imagination has been numbed, or has failed to visualize the reality. In any case, here is the appalling, the truly terrifying phase of the situation: that we have seen a new method of warfare, so dire in its potentialities, so savage in its application to combatants and noncombatants alike—and that as yet no effective rebuke has been administered by the voice of an enlightened mankind.

Now and again, despite all the gathering evidence to the contrary, we have heard a repetition of the ancient theory that when war becomes sufficiently dreadful it will be checked because of its own inherent horror. Personally, I have always distrusted this theory: first, because it assumes that man is by nature a reasonable being; secondly, because if the sheer frightfulness of war were any deterrent, Mars would have ended his rule on earth in the days when the Assyrians flayed their victims alive, in the days when the Romans sacked their cities and slew all the male inhabitants, in the days when the mounted warriors of Genghis Khan sent death flying across the plains of Asia, or when Tamerlane piled his ill-famed pyramids of skulls. But if any culminating proof were needed that war may go to any extreme of horror, and that the reasoning and conscience of man would apply no appreciable check, we would have it in the spectacle of airplane raids on cities. Further than this, sheer indiscriminate, murderous brutality could hardly go, even by the wholesale distribution of poison gas or of disease germs—and yet, for the most part, we have complacently sat by and watched; and little has been said, and less attempted.

Why, then, do I write these words? Is the case not, in any event, a hopeless one? Why not be content to sit back, and see mankind sink to its self-prepared inevitable doom? Ah, yes! the obstacles before us are colossal; but, for that very reason, is there not all the more need to rally the opposing influences? Since the horror of the situation will not automatically bring about its own end, is it not imperative that we resort to something more than passive waiting? There is nothing about the menace, monstrous as it is, that man has not himself created; hence there is, in the nature of things, nothing that man cannot eradicate—provided that the forces for world-conservation turn out to be more powerful than those for world-destruction. But if we are to have even the remotest glimmer of a chance for victory in the difficult battle before us, it will be because those of us with convictions have not remained silent. It will be because we have proclaimed our views, and proclaimed them on every possible occasion—and thereby have assembled our votes against the destroyer. It will be because we have striven to awaken men's imaginations to the gruesome reality that swoops above them in the clouds; because we have availed ourselves of every opportunity to picture that truth which, if it were once generally understood, would not for another instant be tolerated. From the rostrum and the pulpit, over the radio and through the pages of the press, in books, magazines, and pamphlets, we must cry out against the terror that broods above. Let it be proclaimed: "Here is an evil from which no man is safe—an enemy that may blast the babes from their very cribs!" Let it be added: "This is not a method of combat; it is a method of massacre, and outrages our very dignity as human beings." And let us gather a mighty chorus of voices to cry, "Shame! Shame! . . . Shame! Shame!" and "Horror!", whenever, in any part of the earth, a plane-load of explosives is released to strew the sills of houses and the pavements of streets with the dismembered limbs and the scattered brains of inoffensive men, women, and children.

Only so will we be able to combat the terror; only by a gathering moral suasion which, condemning airplane raids as the mass murder that they are, will gradually make them abhorrent to the conscience of mankind, and so eventually outlaw them. Even dictators and militarists, no matter how unscrupulous, would not dare to employ a weapon that would revolt the minds of most of their followers; even dictators and militarists would have to heed the voice of humanity if it once manifested itself with sufficient strength. Then will we who oppose the modern methods be able to make our voices effective? I would not venture to predict; but unless we do make the attempt, unless we do wage the battle with vigor and courage, most of the so-called advanced nations of the earth will continue to tear at each other's vitals with unabated fury, the heavens that should fill us with exaltation will continue to be the source of terror and death, and coming years will increasingly see the bomb that plunges from above to shatter the walls of churches and tenements, and to make the streets of cities hideous with the screams of the smitten and the lamentations of the bereaved.

Among all the evil aspects in which war has revealed itself to our generation there is none more horrible or more widely felt than its enslavement of whole nations to the will of the few.—*Gilbert Murray.*

The Last Puritanism

An Appraisal of the Oxford Group Movement

HUGH STEVENSON TIGNER

[We publish this article as an able and brilliant presentation of one side of the current discussion of the methods and ideals of the Oxford Group Movement. In accordance with UNITY's basic principles, we shall be glad to publish a similarly able article presenting the case for the Movement.—EDITORS.]

PART I

When Napoleon lifted the imperial crown from the hands of the pope and set it upon his own head, he had, as we say in this world where success is sought and won, arrived. In like manner, the rise of Buchmanism to maturity and prestige is signified by its ability to fix upon itself the name of its own choosing, and to be known everywhere by that name.

The Quakers, the Methodists, and most other religious movements have had to suffer a derisive noun until the slow alchemy of time transmuted its connotation from one of contempt into one of respectability. General William Booth had to wait until he was received in his old age by King Edward VII before a dignified British newspaper would print his assumed title without quotation marks. But Dr. Frank N. D. Buchman outwitted the normal course of events and became the master of his public fate as well as the captain of his private soul.

In its early days, which do not date back very far, the movement that Dr. Buchman founded and now leads with considerable fanfare was known by its devotees as the First Century Christian Fellowship and by those outsiders who were awake to its existence as Buchmanism. The official nomenclature was unsatisfactory, for it rang no bell in anybody's consciousness; while the nickname was downright unsavory because it sounded ugly and eccentric. From the beginning, Dr. Buchman, who comes from a region stricken with an inferiority complex, wanted to associate his spiritual fortunes with one of the great British Universities. And what university could lend more authority than Oxford? As A. J. Russell, one of Buchman's converted press agents, naively exclaims, "A new religious movement spreading out from Oxford University! Several flourishing religious movements had started in this intellectual center of England. . . That the new one should emanate from Oxford was befitting. Oxford would contribute the dignity so essential to a revival of religion." So with Oxford it was linked—about as soon as a squad of life-changers could be mustered in that hallowed place.

A company of disciples, most of whose members hailed from the Oxford student body, went to South Africa to set that country ablaze for Christ. The team somehow got referred to as "the Oxford Group," and Buchman saw to it that the name stuck. From every standpoint but one, this was a questionable accomplishment: the movement's origin was clearly American and conspicuously Buchmanish; its association with Oxford was accidental and incidental; the suggestion of kinship with the classic Oxford Movement of Pusey, Keble, and Newman was as incongruous as confusing Nicholas Murray Butler with Samuel or Smedley; and it was done over the protest of all Oxford. From a strategic point of view, however, this was a piece of witchcraft.

Buchmanism, illegitimately re-christened the Oxford Group or the Oxford Group Movement, is the liveliest and most presumptuous breeze stirring in the religious world today. Though it has no members in the usual sense, no vows or ceremony of admission, no dues, no statistics, and none of the earmarks of formality; though its inspiring spirit and dominating personality move behind a facade of unobtrusiveness, it is organized with rare efficiency and directed with uncommon shrewdness. It is perhaps the only current religious stirring self-conscious, coherent, and vigorous enough to be called a movement at all.

Dr. Buchman, now in his late fifties, got the vision and conviction of working along his present lines around 1908. Soon after the War he had a spasm of success. But such a tide of criticism and opposition arose that he was left once more in his aboriginal isolation. "By about 1925," says Dr. Henry P. Van Dusen, "it is probable that not over half a dozen persons on both sides of the Atlantic would have acknowledged Dr. Buchman as their leader." Shifting his former mistakes, he began anew, this time destined to set the earth somewhat agog. He is now in a position to storm the kingdoms and principalities of this world, and does so in the ordinary course of his work—Denmark, Norway, Egypt, South Africa, Canada, the United States, the city of Geneva, et cetera. He invades foreign nations with a phalanx of two hundred seasoned campaigners, or more, depending on the size of the nation and the immensity of its sin. There is almost as much mystery about his finances as about those of Father Divine. And not the least impressive aspect of the movement is its propaganda department, which is not a department and not a hired service.

In the course of his checkered career Buchman has learned how to get a favorable press. Apparently, his method is to convert a sufficient number of journalists and advertising men. A. J. Russell, author of a panegyric on the Oxford Group, which had passed through eleven printings when I read it, says:

> "To find out everything about the Oxford Group when Frank knows your credentials is an easy matter, but just try to get at the core of a changed life for unscrupulous journalistic ends, and see how difficult things become. . . . once convince Frank of your good faith, and he becomes a kind of spiritual impresario ready to produce any information you may be in need of, or any interesting character whose experience seems to coincide with your requirements."

Viewed on the exterior, as a piece of evangelistic success, the Buchmanite movement is impressive. Scrutinized internally, the evidence of its spiritual influence is no less impressive. This fact of being impressive is duly appreciated by the Groupers, and is not allowed to become a frozen asset. All the science, art, and mumbo-jumbo that are known to produce a dazzling and startling effect are fully employed. Front-page print is unabashedly sought; and when the Groupers' activities pass from the hysteria of the headline into the reflectiveness of the editorial columns,

there is regret at headquarters if not sorrow in heaven. Buchman's braves go out after the sinful scalps of social lions and, when taken, display them with reverence unmixed with reticence. Spectacular methods are unapologetically used; the Buchmanites boast of their moral escapades, constituting a scoop for any reporter, and a surrounding aura of amazement is deliberately cultivated. The dramatic manner in which the Groupers present themselves is typified by Russell's story about the three young dare-devil students of an English university, who created their own hell wherever they went and lived merrily in it. One day, the Holy Ghost, using the Buchman vehicle, thrust a hand into this whirlpool of undergraduate immorality and changed "those three roystering prodigals into men who listen-in to God for his daily guidance and spend their lives changing others to their pattern—humbly modeled on the pattern of Christ." And all this happened, Russell reminds us, "in these post-war years of unbelief!" Would any one have thought it possible? Yet it is the flabbergasting truth.

I do not find the phenomenal success of Buchmanism nearly so astounding as Buchmanism likes it to be found. It is impressive, yes—any social force is impressive; but it is hardly puzzling. Buchmanism prefers to be puzzling, because it is impossible to pass judgment upon a mystery. If the rise and power of this new movement are incomprehensible, then who can have any basis for denying its validity, for rating its significance lower than its self-declared value, for doubting its future? A mysterious force, as primitive peoples illustrate, may *be* anything, may *become* anything: how is one to know, since it is a mystery?

The baffling incongruities with which Buchmanism likes to bewilder us are not perplexing except when viewed upon their shining surface or out of their cultural context. Modern pagans catastrophically going in for God are not a more unfathomable paradox than business men, admittedly seeking private profit, uniting one noon each week to shout for "service." Buchmanism's sudden conversions in a period when sin is mid-Victorian, its triumphant obscurantism in an age dominated by science, are no more out of the reach of understanding than the phenomenon of reasonable Germans accepting Hitler as a Messiah.

The moment we take one cursory glance at the estate of modern western civilization after the First World War, after the economic debacle, before the Second World War, and where Fascism or Communism have not struck; and then squint in the direction of Buchmanism, it is obvious that the situation favors a transaction between the two. On the one hand, we have a world "waiting for the sunrise"; on the other, Dr. Buchman and his followers beaming with an "indecent radiance."

It is a world so deflated in faith, so shaken in confidence, so sad in its hilarities, that in this year of marked business improvement and a bull market Mr. Roger Babson, prominent chorus boy in the Cathedral of Big Business, addressed the graduating class of Arkansas State Teachers College with the following wisdom gleaned from years of statistical study:

> "Frankly, I believe that you are to see very perilous times. In this coming world conflict I should not be surprised to see destruction of the great cities on our Atlantic and Pacific seacoasts. Remain in the state of Arkansas. Do not go to any seaboard city, whether it is located on the Atlantic or Pacific seacoast. Keep fairly well in the interior of the country. Avoid large cities. If a revolution takes place, it will not be between capitalists and socialists per se, but will be between the people living in the cities and the people living in the country."

Such a world, of course, is one aching for a saving crusade. Let any one arise with a plausible or appealing way out, and he can command a following. Let any one propound effectively a partly true and not too expensive faith, and his success is assured. It is a prodigal-son world: having come to the desolation of eating husks in a forbidding wasteland, it is willing to swallow pride, retrace steps, become a hired servant, submit to authority, do almost anything in order to recapture some of its lost assurance and security. Speaking broadly, the success of Buchmanism is explained by its ability to give something that satisfies in some way this urgent spiritual need.

When thus viewed as an inter-related part of our total life, Buchmanism loses its abysmal amazingness. A little perspective thrown upon its miraculous life-changes makes them among the most natural and understandable things in the world. Here is the story of Sandy's conversion at a house party, Sandy being one of the three young dare-devils previously mentioned:

> "I boasted to Frank that my amusements were women and drink, but I refrained from disclosing that I was secretly lonely and bitterly unhappy. He didn't seem very shocked, but said I had to cut them both out. We prayed together, and I went back—changed! The first person to know the difference was my landlady. I had come in at three in the morning sober, and went out the next morning still sober."

(Just how Sandy's landlady knew his condition at three o'clock in the morning we are not told; but it makes a graphic story.) Then Sandy wrote to his two colleagues in impishness that he "had tried running his own life and failed, and had tried letting Christ run it for him, and was succeeding." There is certainly nothing about that to evoke a gasp. The psycho-logic of it is transparent. If Sandy's conduct was one-third as undisciplined as he delights to paint it, he was headed for just such a crisis. He must either go to pieces completely, or else weave the tangled strands of his personality into a more integrated cloth. Nature is usually on the side of integration.

Indeed, one cannot avoid noticing that most of Buchmanism's captures suggest a fairly definite type. They appear badly neurotic. They have lost the way; they are escaping from something at full speed; they are like the characters in Eugene O'Neill and Sherwood Anderson; they have looked into their own dark and are afraid; they stand self-convicted of failure, unworthiness, emptiness, or futility; their interior life is an arena where warring impulses engage in gladiatorial combat.

The first and most lengthily reported case in Harold Begbie's *Life Changers* is an autobiographical document wherein the author says, "From 17 till 22 I was occupied above all things in a long and bitter struggle against my parents." To suggest how long and bitter and deep-seated it was, in childhood this person was saying to himself, "One day I shall be able to manage my father, too"; and when he left for France in the War he says, "I did what I knew would hurt my mother's affection and my father's pride: I refused to see them." Religiously he moped and wandered through the whole range of belief and unbelief. When Buchman finally got him on the table for soul-surgery and said, "You are disorganized, without a center," he described the whole writhing situation.

Of his second case Begbie writes:

"When his moral struggles began, they found him wholly ignorant of their origin and significance. He was a little boy at school, pugilistic and keen on games, cheerful and larky, always ready for springing a joke. This strange black cloud slowly gathering over his mind, darkening the outer world, giving him a haunted feeling inside, troubling his brain and making his heart feel like a bruise—whence did it come, what was its meaning?"

That is enough of this.

As for Buchman, himself, one episode will light up the nature of his troubled pilgrimage:

"I used to go out and sit on the rocks and enjoy the glorious scenery. [This was in a 'mountain beauty-spot' of China!] For the first two days I had a wonderful sense of communion, fellowship, joy and peace. My third day was uncomfortable. One word kept running through my brain: 'Restore, restore, restore.' [Dr. Buchman, by the way, is like Gertrude Stein: he usually hears things repeated three times—'Rose, Rose, Rose' and 'Wade, Wade, Wade.'] I tried to brush it aside, but it came again and again. It referred to an old matter with the railway company. I had accepted from them some former privileges, but a change in the law cancelled this reduced-rates benefit. I argued, with true casuistry, that I had the right to these privileges, owing to my prior claims, now only partly operative. At the time of the house-party I had hated and forsaken the wrong-doing, but I had neither confessed it nor restored. . . . So my struggle continued. Should I restore when the vice-president of the railway, with whom I occasionally dined, might find out? . . ."

And so on, through a labyrinthine turmoil that would be both too long and too heart-rending to recount here. Dr. Buchman is a "type." With an introspective eye he carefully searches the house of his life and, locating a speck of dust, hovers over it with his imagination until it becomes Mt. Everest.

I do not wish to press this point to an extreme. The Buchmanite records will support a pushing to the extreme. But I discount the records somewhat. "Interesting sinners," Frank tells his boys, "make compelling saints." This motto is probably taken for more than it is worth. In the process of giving testimony for the edification of prospective converts, I suspect that the new-born saint exaggerates the crying-out-loud evil of his past. One is given the impression that the health-beaming, jocular, Christ-copying character now exhibiting his evidence before you was in such a deteriorated state six months ago that he had to take a slug of rye in order to throw off the covers in the morning, and two more slugs to muster up enough courage to put a foot on the floor. One wonders if these modern troubadours of the Holy Spirit are not much like the older troubadours when it comes to telling a good story. So I refrain from patly shoving Buchmanism's converts into the psychological pigeonhole which they deserve to be shoved into. I simply point out that wherever the movement subjugates a soul it seems to be desperately needed.

Nor does one have to examine the cases in order to arrive at this conclusion. It flows logically from the fact that the Buchmanite prescription is a desperate sort of remedy. For example, when men turn to inspiration, guidance, intuition, listening-in and automatic writing as a formal method for making up their minds about what they will do next, even though it be only a matter of selecting a necktie, they must have fallen into a jittery state of self-distrust. This deduction seems to be corroborated by the cases: Canon W. L. Grensted, rated as a leading scholar and psychologist in the Church of England and as an ardent Grouper, says,

"I was once worrying as to which I should do: go a long journey by car or by train. After a long time wasted in weighing the pros and cons, guidance came suddenly through the message, 'Don't be a fool; go by car.' If I had trusted my guidance instead of my reasoning powers, I should have been told not to be a fool much earlier."

It seems plain that the Canon suffers an abnormally big monkey-wrench in his decision-making machinery. Why, in the first place, should such a small dilemma produce so big a thing as a fool?

One more case: A. J. Russell was a "Literary Editor" whose job was "to provide compelling newspaper features to engage the public interest and expand . . . circulation." One free day he was working in his garden.

"Suddenly, a strange experience came to me. There seemed to be a faint electrical crackling in the clear air about me. . . . I felt a message impinge on my brain from the air. It alighted softly like the caress of a leaf or the touch of a gentle zephyr. It was accompanied by a sense of exaltation both pleasurable and unforgettable."

What was this word from the Almighty? "I was just told to get twelve novelists to confess their religious beliefs in our newspaper." It strikes me that one has been driven pretty ragged by the unconscionable demand of finance capitalism for more and more expansion when he has to resort to the supernatural for an idea like this.

Buchmanism is revealed as a desperate remedy for desperate people in its ruse for avoiding the intellectual problem of religion by de-intellectualizing itself. It has an implicit theology, of course; but this is allowed to remain safely implicit. There is no rational statement of these underlying assumptions. The problem of rationally relating God to the world is one we have failed to solve in the modern dispensation, but one that has always been solved in periods when religion has functioned vigorously. Buchmanism cuts this Gordian knot by doubly denying the existence of such a problem. First, it refuses to be intellectual at all: the traffic between God and the soul is an inspirational, intuitive, spooky, non-rational affair. Secondly, it refuses to recognize the world collectively and dynamically as history: the revelation of God to the individual soul is not only the center of religion, but also the whole substance and circumference of it. This dual denial is illustrated by the Buchmanite use of the Bible. In the first place, he selects his passages by guidance, thus refusing to be rational. In the second place, he reads it without relation to the time and place in which it was written, thus denying the reality of history. When man, who is among other things a creature with an intellectual necessity, denies this aspect of his nature and turns to live in a ouija-board world, my inference is that he is demoralized.

[*To be concluded in our next issue*]

Would You End War?

Go search your heart, America—
Turn from the machine to man,
Build, while there is yet time, a creative peace—
While there is yet time!
For if you reject great peace,
As surely as vile living brings disease,
So surely shall your selfishness bring war.

—James Oppenheim.

Is Unemployment a Modern Problem?

FREDERIC JAMES DENNIS

It is the usual attitude to treat a present-day problem, such as unemployment, as something peculiar to the twentieth century, to be explained by such theories as technocracy, the increase of machinery—the destroyer of labor for the many. Scientists, on the other hand, go to great lengths to show that every invention in turn presents new demands for workers to man the new machinery. There is also a current feeling that the state of the unemployed has been little improved throughout the years and that civilization has failed in solving this age-old problem. If we turn back the pages of history, we find some interesting facts bearing on this question.

The earliest reference to idleness and vagabonds in the British Isles is found in a Roman History of Ammiamus Marcellinus, about 368 A. D., wherein complaints were made against "the Picts and the Scots [who] were all roving over different parts of the country and committing great ravages." The earliest recorded law on the subject, between 673-686, held that any one who entertained a stranger did so at his own risk, and was held personally responsible for any offenses he might later commit.

The reign of Henry VIII of England offers certain curious similarities to present times. It was a period of great restlessness and unemployment, as feudalism was dying out. There were other reasons: the practice of enclosure, as described later, threw men out of work and on the road. The suppression of the monasteries, a popular measure on account of the great wealth and profligacy of the institutions, threw more vagrants loose, as in the past they had sheltered beggars—the undeserving along with those really in need.

Henry attacked unemployment by severe measures against begging and vagrancy. He attempted to raise money by a debasement of the currency: the shilling in 1551 contained less than one-seventh the amount of fine silver in the shilling of 1527. The King attempted through Parliament to regulate wages. He strengthened the Trade Guilds, whose power hindered competition and individual enterprise, and tended to drive both labor and capital away from the towns where the Guilds were strong. In the complaints of apprentices we find the beginning of the long struggle between labor and capital. The regulation of farming was attempted: no one should keep more than 2,000 sheep; "every person occupying land for tillage shall, for every sixty acres under the plow, sow one-quarter of an acre in flax or hemp."

That all these measures were mostly unsuccessful is seen from the comments of historians. "Like most attempts to create employment by legislation, it seems to have had but little success in diminishing the number of the unemployed. . . Extravagant governments can easily pay their debts for a time, by issuing coins at a nominal value greater than that of the metal which composes them; but by so doing they are likely to inflict terrible injuries upon the industries of the nation. For the rise in nominal prices which follows upon an at all considerable issue of debased coin temporarily stimulates many industries. and gives a delusive appearance of prosperity, as well as an immediate relief to the treasury." While Henry spent much money on public works, the historian comments: "This, no doubt, provided occupation of a useful sort for some of those who had been out of work. But the spoils were soon squandered, and the condition of the labour market was then worse than ever."

In 1495, during Henry VII's reign, when vagrants, idlers, and beggars took the place of what we now call the unemployed, the first Act against Vagabondage was passed. This provided that all idle vagabonds, able to work, were to be put in the stocks for three days and three nights, with bread and water, and then made to leave town. Further offenses were punished with stocks or imprisonment. Women who were ill or with child, and all over seventy-one years of age were exempt from punishment. Almsgiving had so long been encouraged by the Church that it was now difficult to persuade the people that it was a criminal offense.

The reign of Henry VIII, the King who was also noted for his many wives, ushered in an important period in English history. For the first time, laws were enacted against "disguised persons and wearing of visours . . . in such a manner that they should not be known,"—an evident curb on the many actors who wandered about committing crimes. Another attempt to regulate wages by law, in 1514, failed, and the act was repealed the following year, so far as it affected masons, carpenters, and other workmen in the city of London.

An important factor in increasing unemployment was the growth of the practice of "enclosure," wherein landowners, the better to increase their wealth from the recent development of the wool industry, turned their idle lands under tillage into large sheep pastures. Sir Thomas More, the author of *Utopia,* who made an intensive investigation into the practice of enclosure, and other abuses, summarized the situation: "Your sheep consume, destroy, and devour whole fields, houses, and cities; for look in what parts of the realm doth grow the finest and dearest wool, there noblemen and gentlemen, yea, and certain abbots, holy men no doubt, not contenting themselves with the yearly revenues and profits that were wont to grow to their forefathers . . . leave not ground for tillage; they enclose all into pastures . . . the husbandmen be thrust out of their own . . . or by wrong and injuries they be so wearied that they be compelled to sell all." Not only More, but many others, called attention to the Church's part in increasing the disorders and discontent abroad in the land.

It is interesting to note that, although Sir Thomas More has been canonized by the Pope, his *Utopia,* which gave us the word, is used as a textbook in the Soviet Republic. The first part of this book is a satire on and criticism of conditions in England—especially social conditions. It tells of a sailor who, traveling over strange seas, brings back the tale of an ideal republic, with wide streets, large gardens, and houses well-lighted and well-protected from the cold. Six hours, but not more nor less, of labor is required from each man. Instruction is by the State; there is no religious intolerance, as all have whatever religion they want. More hated intolerance in religion. He had no belief in the system of liberty and competition, or laissez-faire. His *Utopia* was printed in Louvain, Bel-

gium in 1516, and published in Latin in six Continental cities, and in French and Italian. But it was not till 1551 that the first English version appeared in London.

Among the other books written at this time is one referring to contemporary abuses and addressed to Henry VIII, called a *Supplicayon to the Beggars,* attributed to one Simon Fish. In an interesting old copy of the *Supplicayon* of 1546, in the archives of the Huntington Library at San Marino, California, is contained the following: "Bishoppes, Abbottes, Priours, Deacons . . . Prestes" . . . who have begged "so importunely that they have gotten into their hands more than the third part of all your Realm." They have "the tenth part of all the corne, meadowe, pasture, grasse, wolle, coltes, calves, lambs, pigges, gese and chikens." It was further complained against the clergy that they received large sums for confessions, hallowing of church altars, chapels and bells. . . "The ancient Romans would never have been able to have put the whole world under their obedience of their people had they been thus yearly oppressed.' Moreover, the families of the poor were not safe, for the churchmen "may have to do with every man's wife, every man's daughter, and every man's maid . . . so that no man knows his own child." "What remedy?" asked the author, as he expressed doubt whether any laws could be made against them, since "are they not stronger in your own parliament house than yourself?" It is suggested that these erring churchmen be "set abroad in the world to get them wives of their own, to get their living with their labour in the sweat of their faces according to the commandment of God." As a result, "Then shall these yearly exactions cease . . . then shall the idle people be set to work." We can readily understand the reason for the outcries against the rich Church, and why Henry brought about the suppression of the monasteries. Although this action of the King cured one abuse, the ranks of the unemployed were further increased by the closing of these monasteries.

Another famous writer, Desiderius Erasmus, born 1467, at Rotterdam, the greatest critic of the age, was persuaded by friends to come to England at the time of the accession to the throne of Henry VIII. He lived during some years in Cambridge and in Kent, and had an opportunity to judge conditions among all classes in England. He particularly criticized the religious men of the day for aggravating the unemployment problem. Writing in his *Praise of Folly* of one class of them, he said: "The next to these are another sort of brainish fools, who style themselves monks and of religious orders, though they assume both titles very unjustly: for as to the last, they have very little religion in them; and as to the former, the etymology of the word monk implies a solitariness, or being alone; whereas they are so thick abroad that we cannot pass any street or alley without meeting them. . . Among these some make a good profitable trade of beggary, going about from house to house, not like the apostles, to break, but to beg, their bread . . . doing a great deal of injury to common highway beggars by interloping in their traffic of alms. . ."

A striking comment, of possible relevancy to the present time, is presented by the historian of that period. "One of the most serious problems of Tudor times was that of unemployment . . . the heavy taxation to which the kingdom was subjected by Henry VIII told in the same direction. Worse still, he attempted to obtain money by a debasement of the coinage. . . This led to a rapid rise in prices and the driving of good money out of circulation, with corresponding injury to trade and commerce, evils which could not be checked until Elizabeth restored the coinage to its proper value. All these measures tended to throw men out of work, and lessened the means of helping the infirm and the needy, while it added to their numbers. . . Many a poor man in despair took to the open road and commenced a life of vagrancy." History relates of the reign of Henry that: "Experience proves that people reduced to poverty and desperation often show extraordinary recklessness in bringing children into the world." Reports of social workers at the present time in America bear out this fact.

During Henry's reign, punishments against beggars and vagrants became more and more severe in a desperate attempt to curb them. Some beggars were given licenses to beg within certain districts, but those without licenses were to be stripped to the waist and whipped, or put in the stocks for three days and nights on a diet of bread and water. All able-bodied who were caught begging were taken to the nearest market-place, tied naked to the end of a cart, and whipped through the town till bloody. They were then given a pass, and sent back to their native town. Some beggars wandered about practising palmistry or "science," whereby they claimed to foretell people's destinies. Such offenders were punished by two days' whipping; for the second offense, one ear was cropped, they were whipped for two days and put in the pillory the third day; for the third offense, they were whipped, pilloried, and the other ear was cropped. Even those harboring able-bodied vagrants were fined.

Erasmus in his *Praise of Folly,* revealed the deceptions of those practising palmistry, or the "crafty" sciences, as they were called. A partial list of the various "sciences" is interesting: *Metoposcopy:* foretelling the future through lines on a person's forehead; *Augury:* through studying the flights or cries of birds, or the voices of animals; *Aruspicy:* by means of the bowels of sacrificed animals; *Coulomancy:* by means of a forked stick; *Dactyliomancy:* by a ring; *Hydromancy:* by figures in the water; *Geomancy:* by figures or lines drawn on the earth; *Necromancy:* by using blood and writing, or speaking certain verses for the purpose of raising the dead; *Spatulamancy:* by reading the well-scraped blade bone of a shoulder of mutton; *Oneiromancy:* the significance of dreams, omens, and moles on the body. Is not all of this more or less true today? Whenever large numbers of the population are idle, fortune-tellers of all kinds—including those in politics—take advantage of the situation and delude the people into fond hopes for the future, many of which never come true.

History records through the ages the ever-present problem of unemployment. During wars and periods of prosperity the figures decrease only temporarily. A study of history is important to show what methods *not* to use when meeting one of the greatest problems of all time.

Give me the money that has been spent in war, and I will clothe every man, woman, and child in an attire of which kings and queens would be proud. I will build a schoolhouse in every valley over the whole earth. I will crown every hillside with a place of worship consecrated to the gospel of peace.

—*Charles Sumner.*

My Russian Impressions*

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

Translated from the Original Bengali by Basanta Koomar Roy

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Author of "Rabindranath Tagore: The Man and His Poetry"

III.

Long ago I wrote to you both. From your concerted silence I conclude that both my letters have attained *Nirvana*. I am afraid that such great catastrophies are often occurring in the British post-offices in India today. That is the reason why I do not feel much enthusiasm about writing letters nowadays. At least I keep silent; if silence greets me from your side. The hours of silent nights seem long; even so, days seem long when they are letterless. At times I feel that I am already in the next world after death. So the calendar has changed here, and the clock takes so much time to chime. It seems that the more I long to return home, the longer the time lengthens endlessly. I am sure to start for home the day I start, that is certain. I console myself by thinking that some day the day of my departure for home will be as close as today.

At any rate, I am in Russia now. If I had not come to Russia my visits to the places of pilgrimage in this life would have remained incomplete. Before judging the merits or the demerits of the great Russian experiment that is going on in Russia, I first think of their titanic courage.

As if endowed with a sense of permanence, the material system of human society has taken full possession of man's marrow and bones, his heart and mind in a thousand different ways. The edifice of this age-long system of exploitation has countless rooms in all directions; has numberless watchmen at the doors; and the piles of taxes through the ages have given birth to treasuries mountain high. The New Russian has torn down that stupendous edifice to its very foundation. He does not have even the least trace of fear, of anxiety, or of hesitation in his mind. He has swept aside the traditional seat of authority and has created a new throne for the enthronement of the new ideal. I do admire very much in my mind the great power of the West in accomplishing miracles by the magic of science. But I am astonished the most at the great work that is going on here in Russia. I am certain I would not have felt so astonished if this were only a destructive piece of work; for the people of the West wield tremendous power for destructive work. But here I see before my eyes how stupendously active the new Russian is to build a new world of far-reaching activities. He is very much in a hurry; for his enemies are on all sides—everybody seems to be opposed to him. He has to stand erect on his own feet as fast as possible; for he has to prove decidedly that his attempts are neither a mistake nor an empty show. He is most rigidly determined to win the race against a thousand years in ten or fifteen. Compared to other nations the Russian is very poor in the power of wealth; but superhuman in his power of determination.

The world waited long for this great Revolution to take place in Russia. Preparations for this Revolution have been going on in Russia for a long time. For years without number thousands of famous and nonfamous men and women have suffered excruciating tortures, and have sacrificed their lives for the realization of their ideal. The causes of revolution in the world lie spread over vast areas on the surface of the earth; but they congregate in certain localities. The entire blood-stream of a man may be contaminated, and yet boils appear only on the weakest spots. The weak and the poor have suffered most unspeakable tortures at the hands of the rich and the powerful in Russia. This inequality between the two classes is seeking a solution in Russia again through the Revolution.

It was this inequality that fanned the flame of the French Revolution into being. The oppressed of the French in those days knew that the sorrow and the humiliation of this inequality were world-wide. That is why the cry of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity of the French Revolution could be most triumphantly heard beyond the borders of France. But it did not last long.

The cry of the Russian Revolution is also the cry of the world. At least this nation, of all the others in the world today, is placing the good of the world of humanity above its own national interests. No one can predict whether this cry will last or not. But it must be admitted by all means that the cardinal philosophy of life today is that the national welfare is a part and parcel of human welfare. Who can deny this?

In this age the curtain of the stage of world history is up. So long, we were, as it were, rehearsing piecemeal behind the curtain in different little rooms. Every nation was hedged in by fences. Of course, communication with the outside was not altogether cut off; but the old face of the human society as could be noticed in those divisions is no more. Things look quite different now. Yesterday we could see individual trees; today we see an entire forest. If human society today lacks the harmony of equality, the incongruity thereof is becoming more and more obvious from one end of the world to the other. It is certainly not an easy task to be able to see things on such a vast scale!

I once asked a Korean student in Tokyo: "What is the greatest sorrow of your country?" He replied: "The merchant of Japan rules over us today. We simply carry on our shoulders the burden of their profits."

"Whatever the reason may be, when you are so weak, how can you expect to throw off the alien yoke by dint of your own strength?"

"The helpless abound in the world today. Mutual sorrow will weld them together. But those that are rich, and those that are powerful will ever remain disunited around their own treasuries and thrones. They can never unite as one. The strength of Korea is the strength of her sorrow."

It is certainly a great victory for humanity that the underdog has at last begun to realize his enormous immensity on the stage of Humanity. In the olden days they could not possibly realize their own strength, because they saw themselves in disunited fragments.

*Written in the period of 1930.—EDITORS.

And in the name of destiny they patiently bore everything. Today even the most helpless underdog has at least learned to dream of that kingdom of heaven where the oppressed are tyrannized no more; and there is an end to the humiliation of the insulted ones. Hence, all over the world the sorrowful ones are awakened today. Those that are powerful are haughty. The currents of energy that are making the underdog so inordinately restless are the very thing that the powerful are trying to crush from the outside. The agents of the oppressed are kept out of the homes of the upperdogs; and they are being constantly gagged. But the thing they should fear the most is the sorrow of the underdog. But this is the very thing they are so well accustomed to treat with contempt. Blinded by their greed for profit they are not afraid to fan the flames of this sorrow. And the upperdogs do not feel the least qualm of conscience to forcibly steep the farmers in the mire of famine and starvation in order to enjoy a profit of 200 or 300 per cent. For they know that this profit is their power itself.

But in human society there is danger in every form of exaggeration. And the tide of that danger can never be stemmed from outside. In its conflict with too little power, too much power can never forever go on adding to its own strength. If the powerful were not intoxicated with their own power, then they would have dreaded this enormity of inequality the most—for inequality is against the law of the universe.

When I received the invitation from Moscow I had no definite idea about the Bolsheviks. I had always heard contradictory things about them. I cherished a doubt against them; for their philosophy of action in the beginning was the doctrine of force and violence. I am, however, noticing that the feeling against them is getting feebler and feebler every day. Many encouraged my visit to Soviet Russia. Not to speak of others, I have heard nice things about Soviet Russia even from many Britons. They inform me that Russia is engaged in a titanic experiment.

And again, many tried to frighten me away from Russia. They told me chiefly of the lack of comforts and conveniences in that new land. They told me that I could not stand the coarse food and the crude way of living in Russia. Some even told me that most of what they would show me was sure to be misleadingly manufactured. It must be admitted, however, that it was too foolhardy an act on my part to visit Russia with such poor health, and in my old age. But at the same time it would have been an unpardonable act on my part not to accept the invitation of a nation where the greatest ritual in human history is being enacted now.

Besides that, the words of the Korean young man were ringing in my ears. I was thinking within myself that in the very courtyard of Western civilization so triumphant in the power of wealth, Russia has built an altar to bestow power to the poor, totally defying the frowns and the curses of the entire Western world. If I do not go to see such a sight, who will? They are trying and striving to destroy the power of the powerful, and to embarrass the wealth of the wealthy. Why should we be afraid of that? And why should we be angry with them? We have neither power nor wealth. We belong to the hungry and the helpless underdog class of the world.

If we are told that the new Russians are determined to awaken the strength of the weak, then how on earth can we say that we have nothing whatsoever to do with you. They may commit blunders. Who can claim that their opponents are infallible? But the time is ripe for us to declare unto the world that mankind stands doomed today unless the power of the weak is awakened right now; for the spearhead of the power of the powerful is exceedingly sharp at present. So long they disturbed human peace on earth; today the shadow of their sin has polluted even the blue skies above. Helpless, profoundly helpless indeed is the world today. All comfort, all conveniences and all opportunities of life have arrayed themselves on one side of the human society—and on the other flourishes endless helplessness.

Just a short while before this my mind was terribly agitated over the stories of British police atrocities in Dacca. Oh, what inhuman cruelties! And yet, there was not even the least mention of these facts in the British press. If one or two men in England die in an automobile accident the news spreads from one end of the country to the other. But how incredibly cheap has grown our property, our life, and our honor! The people that are held so cheap can never expect justice.

Our national complaints can never fully reach the ears of the world. All the avenues of such an approach are closed to us. But the British possess all the facilities to spread, the world over, all possible prejudice and propaganda against India. Nowadays this is a source of great disgrace for the weak nations on earth. For news today travels fast all over the world. The stronger nations that control the means of news communication can keep the weaker nations under their heels by spreading tales of shame and dishonor against them. The news has gone forth throughout the world that the Hindus and the Mohammedans quarrel in India, therefore, etc., etc. But there was a time in Europe when the different churches of the Christian faith quarreled amongst themselves. How was it ended? Only by the spread of education. The same thing would have happened in India. But after more than a century of British rule in India only 5 per cent of the people have received any education at all—and that education is only an excuse for education.

The most costly tax we pay for our weakness is the fact that instead of trying to remove the causes for contempt, the British are busy proving to the world that we are worthy of contempt. Sound education automatically solves all problems of human society. We are deprived of that boon in India, for the British "law and order" leaves no room for any other improvement there. After amply providing for "law and order" in India, the treasury is totally empty.

Of all the branches of our national work I accepted education as supreme. For all these years I have given my all to spread education amongst our people in order to initiate them into the realization of their own strength. With this end in view I have not even rejected the favors of our rulers, nay, I even expected them. And you know the result. I now realize that we can expect nothing from the British. We are in deep sin—we are weak!

So when I heard that education for the masses of Russia has grown by leaps and bounds, then I decided within myself that I must go to Russia even though my broken body break into a thousand more pieces. The Russians have learned that education is the only means by which you can impart strength to the weak.

Food, health, and peace of mind are all dependent on education. Empty "law and order" is food neither for the body nor for the mind. And yet India is bankrupt today paying the price for British "law and order."

I am a product of modern British India. So I have been firmly convinced that it is impossible to educate 300,000,000 people. Thus we could blame only our own misfortune and no one else. When I heard about the rapid spread of education here among the farmers and the workers, I naturally thought that that education was confined simply within the bounds of reading, writing and arithmetic; and that the pride rested only in numerical strength. Even that is a great accomplishment in itself.

We would have blessed the British King from the very bottom of our hearts if we could get even that much education for the masses of India. But what I find here is quite different. Here they are spreading sound education—and education that is bereft of all cramming and quite fit to create men.

I shall write to you about these things in detail later. I have no more time today. I am leaving for Berlin tonight. And then on the 3d of October I sail for America.

The Study Table

A Novel of Living Together

Co-op. *By Upton Sinclair. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. $2.50.*

We have long been an enthusiastic reader of Upton Sinclair's writings. His novels we have always rated high, for, in the great tradition of Dickens and Charles Reade, Victor Hugo and Emile Zola, they represent that dedication of fiction to social purposes which we believe to have a noble place in the world's literature. It is our conviction that it is a novel's first business to entertain. The adult should be able to find the same excitement in a novel that a child does in a fairy-tale. But beyond this is the business of life and the problems of life with which the novel may well have creative contact. Entertainment should walk hand in hand with instruction and inspiration.

This latest in the long line of the Sinclair novels is also one of the best. As a story we rank it next to *Oil,* which has always seemed to us to be in many ways the biggest thing that this author ever did. As propaganda, if we may call it such, we would place it next only to the immortal *The Jungle. Co-op* is Upton Sinclair in the full maturity of his powers and the full passion of his convictions. In this sense the book has a sweep and exaltation, a glow of vision together with a certain mellow wit and wisdom, which make it a remarkable production. Out of all the turmoil and exhaustion of his brief political career, Sinclair has brought first hand human material which he has here fashioned into one of the finest of his writings.

The theme of this new novel is coöperation. It begins with a group of down-and-outs, living in the precarious shelter of concrete sewer pipes in a vacant tract in San Sebastian, California, in the depths of the depression in 1932, who conceive a plan of pooling their needs, their experience, their hands and brains, in a coöperative society. Their idea is to support themselves by giving service in exchange for food, clothing, fuel, shelter, land on which to grow vegetables, shops in which to produce goods, and thus by mutual effort to live as workers instead of subsisting as beggars. The book presents the story of this coöperative endeavor through 1933, '34, '35, and '36, its trials and tribulations, its successes and failures, its rapid and healthy growth, and its final disintegration. It ends with the leader of the movement in Washington, interviewing the President and Mrs. Roosevelt, to the end of saving the cause before it is too late. The last line of the book is the query, "What was Franklin D. Roosevelt going to answer?"

The climax of the tale is thus logically placed on the threshold of the administration, because it is the administration's relief and WPA activities which prove to be the ruin of the San Sebastian Self-Help Exchange. Upton Sinclair bases his story on what actually took place in California in the endeavor of thousands of hard-driven men and women during the depression to sustain themselves by organized coöperative endeavor. His own EPIC campaign occupies a conspicuous, though not central, place in the story. And it is the tragedy of history, as well as of this narrative, that it was the administration's undertakings in the struggle against unemployment, well intended but badly managed and directed, which wrecked these voluntary self-help societies. Instead of coöperating with them in the spirit of their own coöperation, Washington fed upon them, or directly opposed them, and thus unconsciously wrought disaster. The little company of men and women, trying by their own efforts to dig themselves out of the pit of the depression in San Sebastian, overcame local difficulties, defeated or won over their enemies, dissipated suspicion and conquered hostility, but Washington was too much for them. Unless, *unless,* the President understood and answered their cry for help!

The pattern of Sinclair's story is fascinating. In the center lies the "co-op" in San Sebastian. This is the stage, so to speak, on which the drama of life and death is played. Then, in a series of chapters, the author takes up one group after another of far-flung characters, waifs, and strays upon the highways of a ruined and frightened country, and shows how they came to be caught in the fabric of the Self-Help Exchange, and therewith saved. There is Cristy Jett, the share-cropper from Louisianny, and his pitiful family. There is Antonio Spadoni, the Italian barber, whose love of freedom and hatred of Fascism lost him his job and almost his life. There is Maisie Trent, who left home, only to fall into the hands of white-slavers. There is the Reverend Elias Prosser and his wife, itinerant crusaders for EPIC. Around such single groups, or individuals, are gathered a multitude of characters, over seventy in all, who play their parts and work out their destinies. They are rich and poor, "high society" and social outcasts, business men, politicians, and tramps, good, bad, and indifferent. All are human personalities, distinctive every one, and all are woven into scenes of comedy and tragedy, love and death, noble sacrifice and cruel betrayal, which make up a story of thrilling interest. The narrative is loosely written in parts, but Sinclair was never more fully the master of his theme, and an intensity paralleling that of his earlier books is here matched by a geniality and mellow good humor which are unusual in propaganda literature.

It is obvious that Upton Sinclair's main concern in this book is with coöperation as a way out of our industrial and social mess. From this point of view, *Co-op* is an invaluable contribution to the literature of the coöperative movement. But it is to be noted, also, that this book is first and last a supremely good story. We would commend it to all who seek entertainment and excitement on the printed page.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Death Sans Immortality

MAN ANSWERS DEATH. An Anthology of Poetry. *Edited by Corliss Lamont. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.00.*

In 1932 Corliss Lamont published a little book called *Issues of Immortality,* which created something of a stir in religious circles. This book was a philosophical survey of immortality ideas, which came to the general conclusion that such ideas, while fitting into traditional ways of thought, were increasingly inconsistent with modern thinking.

"We are confronted with the possibility that some, perhaps many, modern minds will not possess any idea of immortality as a guiding influence in their lives. This does not mean that the word, *immortality,* will drop completely out of their vocabularies; it will simply become a comparatively unimportant term for them."

Three years later, in 1935, Mr. Lamont published a much more complete and thoroughgoing piece of work in a volume entitled, *The Illusion of Immortality.* What was tentative in the early book was here made decisive. It was as though an advance guard of reconnoiterers had been sent into a territory to survey the landscape, and now was followed by a conquering army to seize and lay waste the land. Certainly this second book was a devastating piece of work, at least to the believer. In drastic and utterly ruthless fashion, Mr. Lamont analyzed and studied the various conceptions of immortal life and showed them to be untenable to the modern mind. Not only were they inconsistent with scientific knowledge, but they were also plain violations of common sense. More conclusively than any other writer of whom I chance to know, Mr. Lamont demonstrated that the ideas of and arguments for the eternal hope, as they lie in our theology and in our literature, are largely futile. As to whether he discredited the *fact* of immortality, as well as the historic faith, is an open question. Everything that we have conceived of immortality may be an illusion, but is immortality itself an illusion? Is it not the very essence of the problem that any attempt by mortal man to state the content of immortality must fail, and yet the reality of that immortality still remains? The mystery beckons. Not yet has it been dispelled.

In the last chapter of his *The Illusion of Immortality,* Mr. Lamont undertook to present what he called "an affirmative philosophy." Assuming for the sake of argument that immortality is an illusion, "what effect," he asked, "does or ought this knowledge to have on the living of our lives?" A discussion of some eighteen or twenty pages lifted this question to a plane of great dignity and exaltation. There is a philosophy, indeed a religion, of brave living and compassionate love that can make death not only bearable but "unimportant"! Recognizing death for what it is, a phenomenon as natural as birth, "we can endow our days on earth with a scope and meaning that the finality of death cannot detract from nor defeat." In expression of this point of view, Mr. Lamont appended to his volume "a few selected poems"—several passages from Shakespeare's tragedies and from "Job" and "Ecclesiastes," a noble portion of Lucretius, Bryant's "Thanatopsis," Whitman's "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed," verses from the *Rubaiyat,* George Eliot's "The Choir Invisible," Stevenson's "Requiem," and so on to a total of twenty.

To more than one reader it must have been suggested that this Appendix was the beginning of what might be a complete and well-rounded selection of great literary passages on life and death. These grave and august selections are surely only the scantiest representation of what noble minds have been pondering and saying on these themes through all the centuries. Mr. Lamont must have felt this himself—in making these selections he must have been tempted to make others. So, once started, he continued. And now he presents us with a full collection of man's bravest utterances as he has looked into the face of death. This anthology, *Man Answers Death,* is what we have never had before, unless the old *Greek Anthology* be an anticipation—a golden text, or multiplicity of texts, "which interprets death as the absolute end of the individual conscious personality and which sets up the progress and well-being of men on this earth as the supreme good of life."

Mr. Lamont's book is remarkable in at least two respects. In the first place, in a Preface, and still more in a series of separate introductions to the various sections into which the text is divided, the Editor expounds with great clarity and dignity his own philosophy of life's end, and of its use and meaning in the light of this end. These pages, if brought together into a single commentary on death, would themselves constitute a memorable if brief treatise on the theme. In their place in this book, they give the effect of intelligent guidance and reverent wisdom. It is as though one's hand were grasped by a friend, as Dante's was by Virgil, and given strength by the mere touch. Through realm after realm of thought, as Dante through circle after circle, and then up the far heights of vision, we are led by our friendly guide. Each division of the book, through which he leads us, is beautifully named—"If a Man Die, Shall He Live Again?" "All Men Are Mortal," "We Who Are About to Die," "Fare Thee Well, Great Heart," "Nothing Can Touch Him Further," "I Stand Alone and Think," "The Sting of Transiency," "Let Us Live Then and Be Glad," and so on—twelve sections in all. Something more than skill went into these classifications—there were discernment, sensitiveness, and pity as well. Mr. Lamont's heart was moved by his theme. He has felt the mystery, and stated it.

Secondly, of course, there are the selections themselves! We know not what to say about them, except to commend them as they are gathered here for our inspection and meditative thought. They constitute an extraordinarily beautiful collection—nothing cheap or unworthy, nothing flippant or cynical, no sacrifice of literary values to mere sentiment, all tested to exclude the dross and leave only the pure gold. The inclusiveness of the collection is remarkable—ancient and modern, classic and contemporary, prose and poetry, sacred and profane. The great religious teachers are naturally not here—the Editor has deliberately excluded these believers in immortality! But there are philosophers like Emerson, and poets like Arnold and Whitman and Alice Meynell, who slip under the barrier. And

the Bible is represented by selections from "Job" and "Ecclesiastes."

It is interesting to run over the immortal names in this volume and thus catch the Editor's preferences. Three hundred odd passages, selected out of "an immense number of possibilities," reveal not only literary standards but personal tastes. Thus, of all the sources quoted, Shakespeare leads with seventeen items. Masefield and Miss Millay come next with six each. Then follow Herrick, Keats, and Simonides the Greek, with five each. Emily Dickinson, Robinson Jeffers, Tennyson and Whitman have four each, and Shelley three. The overwhelming majority of the authors are represented by only a single selection. Among all the passages quoted there is none nobler than the Lucretius. unless it be Elinor Wylie's "Hymn to Earth." Interesting names in such an anthology as this are Amen-Hotep IV of Egypt, Heraclitus the Greek, Homer, Oscar Wilde, the *Thousand and One Nights,* Francois Villon, Dorothy Parker, John Reed, Ovid, Erasmus Darwin, and Alexander Pushkin. Lucretius' great name is matched by those of Aeschylus, Sophocles, Seneca, Thomas Hardy, and Victor Hugo. It is curious to find nothing from Marcus Aurelius, Epictetus, Cicero, Thomas Huxley. Was Ingersoll omitted because his eloquence was too often magniloquence? Was the old favorite—"O, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?"—too inferior as poetry to be included? We note many omissions, of course—an editor's chief business, perhaps, is not to receive but to reject!—but none calling for criticism or even comment.

I can best state my estimate of this anthology by saying that I am classifying it in my mind with Robert Bridges' *The Spirit of Man,* which, apart from the unfortunate preface to the first edition, has always seemed to me to be the noblest collection of ethical scriptures I have ever seen. If Mr. Lamont was trying to prove the point that thought may be high and life brave and even happy, even though we do not expect to live after the grave, he has succeeded in his purpose. This world turns not to dust and ashes if there is no immortal hope! But—is there nothing missing, nothing lost? This is a query of fascinating interest and perhaps of fundamental importance. Immeasurable is our debt to Corliss Lamont for raising it by the mere presentation of this rich treasury of mortal testimony.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Correspondence

Thomas Paine on the Ways of Imperialism

Editor of UNITY:

Imperial aspirations are coming into style again on a vivid scale. View Hitler's schemes of imperialism draw their covetous tentacles towards the rich fields of Ukraine, in the east of his own domain. Examine dictator Mussolini's imperial urge enmeshing the ancient continent of Africa, to the south of beautiful Italy. Add to these the Japanese imperial encroachments in Northern China and Siberia—and we hold the clear features of a new brand of Twentieth Century Imperialism to match in criminal activities the grand old Mistress of Imperialism, the British Empire. It is most instructive, then, on the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Thomas Paine, himself a Briton by birth, to read what the pamphleteer-libertarian has to say on the practices of his own Motherland and the lessons derived therefrom.

Writing his famous *Crisis* (No. 2) from the City of Philadelphia, January 13, 1777, in reply to Lord Howe's defense of the imperial policy in Colonial America, Thomas Paine reminds His Excellency of the "blessings" bestowed by Great Britain upon its other dependencies, by pointing out the criminal tendencies of all imperialistic designs—as true now as in the Eighteenth Century:

"There are such things as national sins, and though the punishment of individuals may be reserved to *another* world, national punishment can only be inflicted in *this* world. Britain, as a nation, is, in my inmost belief, the greatest and most ungrateful offender against God on the face of the whole earth: blessed with all the commerce she could wish for, and furnished, by a vast extension of dominion, with the means of civilizing both the eastern and western world, she has made no other use of both than proudly to idolize her own 'thunder', and rip up the bowels of whole countries for what she could get: Like Alexander, she has made war her sport, and inflicted misery for prodigality's sake. The blood of India is not yet repaid, nor the wretchedness of Africa yet requited. Of late she has enlarged her list of national cruelties by her butcherly destruction of the Caribbs of St. Vincent's, and returning an answer by the sword to the meek prayer for *'peace, liberty and safety.'* These are serious things," continues Paine, "and whatever a foolish tyrant, a debauched court, a trafficking legislature, or a blinded people may think, the national account with heaven must some day or other be settled: all countries have sooner or later been called to their reckoning; the proudest empires have sunk when the balance was struck. . . ."

There is a timely warning and perhaps appeal to our modern would-be Caesars to recall the fate of their predecessors; not to repeat the follies history has declared criminal; and thus save themselves the shame of failure, and the nations of the world from the horrible sacrifices their present imperial aspirations unmistakably indicate. But can rulers, swayed by violent passions and upheld by inhuman brutalities, learn from the experiences of the race? The Yesterday is replete with lessons; but only the lovers of justice and of peace can draw the strength and wisdom thereof.

New York. DAVID JOBMAN.

The Case of Jerome Davis

[We gladly give space to the following letter from Upton Sinclair to Jerome Davis.—EDITORS.]

Prof. Jerome Davis,
New Haven, Conn.
My dear Dr. Davis:

I have just ordered from my bookseller a copy of your last book, *Capitalism and Its Culture.*

You will understand me when I say that I do not exactly need a book on this subject. Having been studying capitalism and its culture at first hand through a life considerably longer than your own, I have as much information as I need for the rest of my life. But having read about your ousting from the divinity school of Yale University because of this book, I have tried to think of some useful way to express my sympathy. After reading the book I shall pass it on to our EPIC organization in my home city, where it will be kept in continuous circulation and be the means of bringing enlightenment to many victims of our predatory economic system. I shall also endeavor to obtain publication of this letter, with the idea that other persons may be moved to express their appreciation of your work and their disapproval of the big business men who control Yale University.

Pasadena, Calif. UPTON SINCLAIR.

The Field

(*Continued from Page* 202)

leaders, is studying ways and means of putting the appraisal commission's recommendations into effect.

He comes of a family with three generations of Unitarian clergymen. His grandfather, William G. Eliot, was minister of the Church of the Messiah in St. Louis, where he founded Washington University. His uncle, Thomas Lamb Eliot, went in 1867 to the pastorate of the newly formed Unitarian Church of Our Father in Portland, Ore., and served actively until 1893. His father, the Reverend Dr. Christopher R. Eliot, is honorary minister-at-large of the Benevolent Fraternity of Unitarian Churches in Boston, after thirty-three years as active minister of Bulfinch Place Unitarian Church in that city.

Dr. Eliot is a graduate of Harvard University and the Harvard Divinity School. He holds a Master of Arts degree from Harvard and an honorary Doctorate of Divinity from Carleton College, Northfield, Minn. Before going to St. Paul in 1917, he was associated with the late Samuel McChord Crothers in the pastorate of the historic First Parish Church, Cambridge, Mass. He served as chaplain in France during the World War.

In St. Paul his pastorate has been marked by steady growth in all departments of his church, and he has been active in the Community Chest and other civic interests, serving as mediator in issues of employer-employee relationships for the Retail Trade Association. He has recently been chosen to receive the Distinguished Service Medal, awarded annually by the St. Paul club of Cosmopolitan International to the St. Paul citizen who is deemed to have performed the most unselfish and voluntary service for the city during the past twelve months. For several years he was a member of the Harvard Board of Preachers. He is a trustee of the Meadville Theological School in Chicago. He is author of *The Unwrought Iron, Fundamentals of Unitarian Faith, Toward Belief in God* and other books, and is editor of the Quarterly of the American Interprofessional Institute.

Dr. Eliot will go to Oxford University, England, in August to speak at the twelfth congress of the International Association for Liberal Christianity and Religious Freedom.

Monarchy and People

English history can furnish no precedent to the events of the past fortnight. The climax came with the message which King Edward sent to Parliament on Thursday and with the Prime Minister's statement that followed . . . Never, even in the most stirring days of war or revolution, has the House of Commons witnessed a more historic scene. Kings of England have been forced off the throne in the past, and Parliament has always played some part. But never before has a King of England voluntarily renounced his Crown when the overwhelming majority of both Parliament and people wanted him to stay. Even for an involuntary abdication it is necessary to go back to the troubled days of the fourteenth century.

The crisis arose, as the whole world now knows, from the King's wish to marry Mrs. Ernest Simpson, a lady of American birth, who obtained a decree *nisi* of divorce from her second husband at Ipswich Assizes as recently as last October. The King told the Prime Minister in November of his intention to marry. But, presumably recognizing that the opinion of his people would prevent him from making her his Queen (as would automatically follow from his marriage in the present state of the law of England), he subsequently asked his Ministers for advice on the possibility of introducing legislation to permit him to contract a morganatic marriage. In accordance with the recently, but none the less firmly, established constitutional practice of the British Commonwealth of Nations, any such legislation would have to be enacted not only by the Parliament at Westminster, but also by the Parliaments of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and the Irish Free State. . . .

His Majesty's request was considered by the British and Dominion Governments, and, as a result of these deliberations and consultations, Mr. Baldwin informed the King that the Governments were not prepared to introduce legislation of this character. A somewhat unusual request for advice had been made, in due constitutional form, by the King; and the Cabinet, in accordance with their responsibility, had given their advice. This question was the only one on which the Cabinet was asked for advice, or has expressed it. But when the King received a negative answer to the compromise proposal he had put forward, only two possibilities remained to him: either to abandon the proposed marriage or to abdicate.

At this moment the British Press, which had hitherto refrained from reproducing the stories that were filling the columns of American and other foreign newspapers, broke its self-imposed silence. The King had, therefore, to take his fateful decision in the full glare of the world's insistent attention. It cannot be doubted that this tremendous publicity hastened his decision and may even have influenced the side on which the balance of his decision fell.

Faced with the cruel dilemma of choosing between his affections and the Crown, Edward VIII hesitated for many days. In the end his "final and irrevocable decision" was to abdicate. The necessary legislation is before Parliament as we write; and before the week is out the Throne

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Dr. F. S. Onderdonk is planning a tour with his Peacemobile which will bring films, projector, and screen:

Feb. 1-7—Ohio
Feb. 8-20—Southern States
Feb. 21-March 4—Illinois and Wisconsin

This schedule is flexible, and organizations in these states desiring to sponsor presentations of the peace films should write for further information to Dr. F. S. Onderdonk, 1331 Geddes Ave., Ann Arbor, Mich.

The Field

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will have passed to the Duke of York.

Our regrets, though due as a tribute to a man who has been faced with a painful choice and has decided bravely, cannot alter the issue. The die is cast; and nobody will wish to look backward. King Edward VIII has gone into history. His going has been in no sense forced. On the contrary, Mrs. Simpson herself offered to withdraw; and the whole Empire showed in an unmistakable way that it would have preferred King Edward to remain. But, in deciding to abdicate, the King may well have thought not only of his personal happiness but also that his departure would enable his people and his successor to forget the slander and insinuations levelled at himself, and so to re-establish the prestige of the Crown.

We are far too close to the events to anticipate the verdict of history upon them. King Edward's abdication will clearly go down to history as an unparalleled act of renunciation for the sake of love. But we believe that the future historian, if he is not blinded by the romantic aspects of the affair, will also judge that, in abdicating, King Edward acted wisely.

What, then, may we say of the position that faces the new King? One thing is clear: the constitutional position of the Monarch is entirely unaffected by what has occurred. Indeed, there has been no constitutional crisis. That could only have arisen if King Edward had shown any indication of an intention to reject his Ministers' advice or to bring about a change of Government and a dissolution of Parliament on a non-political matter purely personal to himself. There was a certain amount of ill-advised talk of a party of "King's friends." There were certain tentative gestures by extremist politicians towards an agitation in the supposed interests of the King. But Mr. Baldwin told Parliament that King Edward himself never gave the slightest countenance to these movements; and, in any case, the attachment of the British people to the democratic doctrine of ministerial responsibility is so firm that they could not possibly have succeeded.

On the more personal side of the Monarch's position, it is very difficult as yet to say how much has been changed by the events of the past two weeks. For many decades the attachment of the British people to the institution of monarchy has had a much larger element of realism in it than has usually been appreciated outside the Empire. A great deal of sentimental affection has, it is true, adhered to the person of the Monarch, but no more than is paid in other countries to a flag or to a constitution. The mystical element has long ago entirely disappeared; there are no vestiges of Divine Right left in the accepted political philosophy of the British peoples. Fundamentally, the British attitude has been that hereditary monarchy, with all its defects, will hold the field until some better method of symbolizing the State is evolved. That in the last four reigns the monarchy has also been extremely popular has been almost entirely due to the varied personalities of the monarchs who have occupied the throne. King George V personified the kindly, tolerant father of a family. He became a vivid personality through the very completeness of his self-effacement. King Edward VIII was popular, as no King before has been on the day of his accession, because of his simplicity, his directness, his very clearly-shown knowledge of, and sympathy with, the least fortunate of his subjects. The popularity of the Throne now rests with the new King and with his Queen. Their task is not easy, for their every movement will henceforth be in the public eye, and they will be deprived even of the opportunity to explain or excuse their mistakes. The British people will be their judges; but they should also be their advocates, for the national unity a popular King inspires is an asset which Britain cannot afford to forego.

Nor can it yet be said what effects King Edward's abdication has had upon the links between the different British countries. It is frequently declared that the King is the only remaining link between the Mother Country and the Dominions. But that is hardly true. The King is the only remaining visible symbol of unity in the Empire. But the unity he symbolizes is something far more real. The countries of the British Commonwealth of Nations remain in close association with each other because they each find advantages in the association. So long as those advantages remain, changes in the symbol will not affect the underlying reality. Indeed, the crisis has shown the new Commonwealth Constitution, as set up by the Statute of Westminster, working as a reality in its first test.

For a fortnight the crisis has filled the British people with anxiety. But in the end it becomes again what it was in the beginning, a personal matter. Sympathy with the departing King, and a welcome to the new King, will not obscure the relief felt on every hand at the knowledge that it has been possible to avert the danger of a serious conflict of loyalties where only unity should reign.
—*The Economist,* Dec. 12, 1936.

Cooperation Without Compromise

There are three major religious groups in America whose convictions are so different as to separate them from each other very distinctly. They are not likely to see eye to eye in matters of religion in our lifetime. There will be Protestants, Catholics, and Jews for a long time to come.

These differences have been the occasion, during our history as a people, of much tension and many a clash. In some parts of the world they are so still. We are consciously trying to build up in this country a community spirit which, while recognizing differences, views them with respect, and which finds it possible, while each group maintains its witness to the truths that it be-

(*Continued on page* 220)

To the Arbitrator,

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You may send me your monthly paper for a year on the following terms:

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The Field

(*Continued from page* 219)

lieves to be essential, to unite all groups in the pursuit of those common aims that they share as American citizens.

The watering down of religious conviction would be no service at any time, especially in these days when religion itself, in many parts of the world, is restricted by Fascism or assailed by Communism. This is a time for those who believe in God to assert their faith in no uncertain terms and to affirm their full faith without subtraction or compromise. But it is a time, also, for all who interpret life in terms of the spirit and who believe in God, to present a united front against the atheisms, materialisms, and paganisms that today threaten to engulf all religion.

There is, perhaps, no more significant service which the United States could render to the family of nations today than to offer the spectacle of a people of many diverse racial strains, and of many philosophies and faiths, dwelling together in mutual respect and appreciation, each group interpreting others in terms of the best contributions they have made to the common life, according equal justice to all, and, while separate in religious conviction as the fingers of the outstretched hand, as compact and united as a man's clenched fist in opposition to all that harms the common life and in support of all that makes for a fuller, happier life for every citizen.

It is this truly American ideal that Brotherhood Day, sponsored by the National Conference of Jews and Christians and set this year for Feb. 20-21, is meant to foster. This is "The American Way" for human relations, and its present unpopularity in some parts of the world should make us all the more eager to maintain and perpetuate it.

Materials and programs for the observance of Brotherhood Day may be secured from The National Conference of Jews and Christians, 289 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

A Resignation and a Response

Resignation

"It is with great regret that I feel I must resign from the War Resisters' International. I have never had happier associations than with its members, and the period during which I was Chairman and a member of its International Council will always remain a memory of worth-while service and the most wholehearted comradeship with friends from many countries. This close association with the Movement makes the decision to resign difficult, but I feel it is the only honest course which I can take. My temperament and ultimate philosophy remain pacifist. I recognize that the degree of happiness, equality, and freedom in the world depends upon the absence of domination, and that in so far as the temper of violence animates movements for social change, those movements will disappoint our hopes.

"But I am faced by this fact. If I were in Spain at this moment I should be fighting with the workers against the Fascist forces. I believe it to be the correct course to demand that the workers shall be provided with the arms which are being sent so freely by the Fascist Powers to their enemies. I appreciate the attitude of the pacifists in Spain who, whilst wishing the workers success, feel that they must express their support in constructive social service alone. My difficulty about that attitude is that if any one wishes the workers to be triumphant he cannot, in my view, refrain from doing whatever is necessary to enable that triumph to take place.

"I shall be sorry if my resignation is a cause of disappointment or discouragement. To Runham Brown, Grace Beaton, and all the members of the International Council, as well as to the rank and file in the affiliated sections, I wish to express my gratitude for the comradship of past years and to express the hope that, despite the present break, the feeling of comradeship will continue."

FENNER BROCKWAY.

Response

"The letter of our dear and valiant Fenner Brockway overwhelmed me with surprise and dismay, and I hasten to reply by return in order to say to both you and our friends of the International Council, 'Take Courage!'

"This is not the only victim—nor the first—nor the last—that war resistance, non-violence, and brotherly love must offer in this immense, eternal and daily struggle. The political storms of each period, and above all of our own, are so violent, that whatever has its basis in the whirlpool of events will be inevitably torn from the eternal and glorious position of love and non-violence. There are few minds which can resist the temptation to employ hatred and arms in struggles which are momentary, but which have an enormous attraction. Those who can are the true builders of peace and the new humanity.

"We know well that after a civil war there are the same results as after a war between two or more States. We know well that the victors in sanguinary conflicts are the worst of the belligerents. The worst in the Spanish civil war are the professional assassins—the Fascist generals. War is their domain. It is not only arms which give the victory, and it is in vain that our Fenner Brockway has sacrificed his convictions. Unfortunately it is the generals who will be victorious.

"Let us imagine that the workers will win in this infernal struggle. The Russian example is sufficiently discouraging for any one to sacrifice the noblest ideal one can find for such a bloody victory. The oppressed classes will be strong and will win their victory in their own sphere—that of non-violence, and by means of the only weapon which is worthy of peace, liberty, and humanity—war resistance. The time of this true victory cannot be foretold. The War Resisters' International is the sole architect of this victory. With all the forces at its disposal, I cry, 'Forward, even to the end!'"—*The War Resister* (London).

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